## PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

good man, who loves the old flag and who wants to see a good postoffice in New York, where a man can go and present a money order without being indicted by a grand

- ONE SAD MISTAKE.

be a mere bagatelle?

I have been elected also to an office, at

one time, by the people themselves. I say this to show you that I am well thought of by my neighbors. My election was rather a surprise to some. It showed that even

from the other party. These three elements

put under the sod.

First-Enemies of the other man. Second-Rivals who wanted to see him

Third-Creditors who saw no way of get-

A PERTINENT QUERY.

Do you publish a catalogue and price list

of your general store in Philadelphia? We trade now with New York houses almost ex-

mallows, curled hair mattresses, health food, fence nails, golden syrup, saddles,

soda water and tar roofing. Also that, at

your mammoth store, undertaking, embalm-

ing and ice cream in all their branches could

ALL WELL AT HOME.

slight restlessness among our hens at night, caused by the presence of an unknown per-

go home with his pancreas wrapped up in

an old-lashioned magazine. Seeding has al-ready begun here, and farmers are feeling

ubilant. The streams are released from heir icy fetters and go laughing and frol-

licking adown the grassy meads. Spring lambs are beginning to do the hillsides, and

horseradish made from Swedish turnips and

La Fayette Musser in His Special Train.

STEREOPTICON ADVERTISING.

public and say I got them at your place. So

goodby, BILL NYE.

[Dictated letter.]
P. S.—Would Jay Gould be accepted by

the Government as one of my bondsmen in

case I should take the N. Y. P. O. Portfolio? He is a great friend and constant

reader of mine. B. N.
'Nother P. S.—In speaking to General

Harrison about this matter you might say

that I was the first man to suggest his name

for the Presidency. This is not so, but any-

thing I can do for you in a similar way I will cheerfully do. B. N.

"Miss Clara," he murmured fondly, "can

"Because they shine so brightly."
"Ahl thanks. But you are like the stars,

"Because you stay until daybreak." And shortly afterward his footsteps could have been heard as they pattered along the board-

Basil's Church has lost her baby.

Rival Soprano—Is that so? She must

Miss Mezzo-I hear the soprano

you tell me why your eyes are like the

Minneapolis Tribune. 1

"No. Why are they?"

too, Mr. Dally."
"Why, may I ask?"

capsicum tine, is to be had.

son in the barn, who is liable some day

jury before he can get away.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, MARCH 31, 1889.

## CHINESE CRUELTIES.

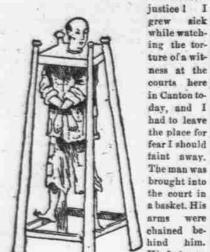
The Courts, Prisons and Punishments of the Celestial Land.

Graphic Description of the Horrible Slicing

Process.

**BOW CHINESE JUDGES MAKE FORTUNES** ORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.

CANTON, CHINA, February 2 .- Hor elble! horrible!! horrible!!! are the cruelties of Chinese



His feet were manacled so In the Stocks, that the heavy iron had cut through the skin, and there was a chain also about his neck. He had refused to testity, and had been tortured before until he was now pale and sick. He was thrown from the basket on to the floor in front of a tall Mandarin judge, dressed in a long silk gown and wearing a round black cap with a button on the

The irons were taken off and the man was forced into a kneeling posture on the stone floor. He plead that he was sick, that he knew nothing, and he begged they would not punish him further. The judge said a word and three burly Chinamen grasped him. They carried him to the side of the court, where a bench about four feet long and a foot wide was lying. They put this | These were so low that a man could not sit bench on end against a pillar, and, then taking the prisoner, forced him down upon | are often carried to execution. These had his knees before it so that the board of the been used the day before for the caging of bench rested against his back and between | criminals, and I took a look at the prisoners

penalties for the minutest crimes are regulated. It is fuller of more horrible sentences than the Newgate calendar, and the EVEN WITNESSES ARE TORTURED.

with his bare knees upon the chain such as I saw a few moments later, for the obdurate witness a third bar is placed across the legs back of the knees and two men stand upon it, thus forcing the flesh into the chains.

The ankles are sometimes crushed by a circular have already across them.

At the back of this execution ground similar bar placed across them.

Cruel Invention. I believe that the Chinese heart is naturally cruel, and in looking over the Peking Gazette I see that the tortures of the middle

ness at the ages are common here, and that now and day, and I fingers are wrapped in oiled rags and burnt, through their palms.

Compelling men to kneel on pounded glass is noted, and this kneeling on chains with links as sharp as knives is common.

Williams tells of a magistrate who put a man into a coffin and kept him there until he was suffocated, and he gives the instance of a Judge who used beds of iron, boiling made of four posts with a thick board set

into the top.

This board was made of two pieces so arranged that it could be taken out and a man's neck be inclosed in the hole in its center. At the bottom it had cross bars several inches above the ground and the top was so graduated that the man inchosed within it must stand upon his toes. His hands were tied, and this to ture is terrible. In some instances men are left to starve to death in such cages, and this cage had contained a prisoner only a few days before. It had a piece of straw matting stretched over the top of it, which the wife of the last crim-inal had put there to protect his bare head from the rays of the sun.

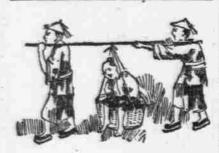
Infernal Cages. At the Shanghai prison I saw cages which looked as though they might have been pens for the carrying of hogs to a county fair. up in them, and it is in these that criminals



A CHINESE COURT.

his shoulders. He was barefooted. They pulled his wide pantaloons up to his thighs, and, bending up his legs, tied his big toes to told that if I did I would probably have my the top legs of the bench so that the bare skin of his knees rested on the stones.

The bench extended some distance above the back of his head and near the end a hole bad been bored about an inch in diameter. were chained to the wall like wild beasts Through this his cue was pulled, forcing his head tight against the board and stretching his neck so that the cords stood out like whips. His arms were twisted behind the whips. His arms were twisted behind the torture are not uncommon. The jailers bench, stretched backward and upward and make a large part of their salary by squeezheld there by strings ti 1 to the thumbs. A heavy, sharp chain with Iron links about



Bringing in the Prisoner

under his bare knees. He was to be kept with his whole weight resting on this chain and held up by his thumbs, his big toes and his one until he confessed. The torture was terrible. His eyes almost started from their sockets, his face twitched and his mouning made me sick.

More Horrors.

Among the other tortures I witnessed was the pounding a man's cheek with a leather clapper until the blood oozed from his mouth. This clapper was made of two pieces of leather of the thickness and twice the width of a harness tug, fastened to a third piece of leather as a handle. The whole affair was not more than a foot long, but it is more brutal than though it was made of iron. It is used largely in the punishment of women and it not infrequently ceaks the jaws and knocks out the teeth. This prisoner was suspected of being engaged in smuggling opium and he denied being guilty. He was whipped thus on the jaws and then bambooed. This bamboo was split down the middle like a tuning fork. It whistled as it flew through the air and it clapped the skin with the noise of a pistol shot. The bare-armed jailer counted each blow. The long-cued, silk-gowned,

sore-eyed judge looked complacently on,

and I saw no signs of pity in the stolid faces

Let me give you a picture of this Chineso court room. It is one of many in Canton and the largest. We passed through room after room and aisle after aiste of low, narrow buildings to get to it. There was a court in fcont of it and around this in narrow cells sat the clerks and employes of the judge. The room was open at the front, paved with stone, and it had only a table in China and the judge has unlimited power, provided he does not transgress the

who had been taken from them to the jail. clothes torn from me by the prisoners, as they were a bad lot and had killed their jailer a few days before. I looked through a hole in the door and saw the most brutal and some of them had chains about their necks as well as their feet.

Each prison has its dead house connected with it, and deaths from semi-starvation and ing, and money will do as much and more for the criminal in China than it will in America. Judges sometimes pay \$30,000 and \$40,000 for their appointments, and he is a poor money maker who does not get rich during his term. The Tautoi of Shang-hai gets a salary of about \$1,000 and his office is estimated to be worth more than

\$100,000 a year. Tiestsin nominally receives a salary of about the same size, but I am told that he makes about \$200,000 a year, and his profits all come from bribes or squeezes. This system of squeezing goes through the whole course of Chinese officialdom and the jailers exact money from the relatives of the criminals. They have the right to sell the food to the criminals and they make them pay high prices. If they cannot pay they must in many cases go without. The criminals cook for themselves in the jail and they are allowed about 2 cents a day for fuel. They have an allowance by the law of rice, but



A Chinese Thief. the jailor gives them this or not as he

The Execution Ground.

Three coolies carried me in a chair from the court in Canton to the execution ground and I had a chat with the executioner. He was a nasty, dirty, blood-thirsty looking fellow, with hair an inch long standing out like bristles over the front of his head and about his cue. He had not been busy for several days, and he took delight in explaining to me the uses of the heavy sword and the scientific cuts which he made with it. This sword was about four feet long. It has a blade as sharp as a razor and it is about a quarter of an inch thick at the back and more than two inches wide. He used both hands in swinging it about, and he told me that my neck would be an easy one to slice off, but that he would not like to

have to cut up my thin frame by the slicing paved with stone, and it had only a table and a chair or two. There are no lawyers in China and the judge has unlimited power, provided he does not transgress the code.

China has a code of laws hundreds of years old, of which a new edition is nuch. years old, of which a new edition is pub-lished every five years, and in which the heads of the criminals, he told me,

through my interpreter, that they were often thrown into jars of quicklime, and that he would take one out and show me for the sun tences than the Newgate calendar, and the judges of China have more power in the examining of witnesses than the most brutal of tyrants. There is no jury and the court room is as bare as a barn. Just behind where I stood were a number of the implements of torture ready for use and all showing the marks of wear and tear.

One, which my guide said was very bad, was made of a bar of wood six feet long supported by two upright wooden pillars. The prisoner was made to kneel under this with the back of his neck touching the bar and his arms stretched out along it. These are tied by cords to the bar and as he kneels with his bare knees upon the chain such as

At the back of this execution ground stood half a dozen wooden crosses. If you will take a piece of telegraph pole eight feet long and set a similar pole five feet long into it at right angles two feet from the top you will have the Chinese cross. It is upon these crosses that the criminals are bound ages are common here, and that now and then a judge astonishes even the Chinamen themselves by the refinement of his punishments. Instances are given where the fingers are wrapped in oiled rags and burnt, and one magistrate, some time ago, fastened two criminals to boards by nails driven through their palms.

Compelling men to kneel on pounded glass is noted, and this kneeling on chains described an execution of this kind which he witnessed a few weeks ago.

"It made me feel very green at first," said he, "but after it was begun I could not keep my eyes off it. I have had the ex-perience over again three times in my water and redhot spikes in his cruelties. At Shanghai I was shown a wooden cage between five and six feet high, just high enough to inclose the body of a man. It was enough to inclose the body of a ground. There were two criminals, and it



took about 30 minutes to cut each of them to pieces. The first cuts sliced off the cheeks and the second the evebrows. After these a man held a fan before the faces of the prisoners, and all we could see of them was the blood running down upon their bodies. The next cut was of the flesh be-tween the hand and the elbow, and the arteries were first bound above the places cut so that the man would not bleed to death before the ceremony was completed. Then the shoulders were cut off. Then the flesh of the thighs and after this the calves of the legs. The seventeenth and eighteenth cuts removed the hands, and the last cut took the head from the body. "In both cases the men did not faint away.

The pain was too terrible. They could not cry out, as they were gagged, and their writhings were horrible. The last cut killed

Other Mild Methods.

I might fill another column with the stoa I have heard of Chipese punishmen and crime. The bamboo, which grows to the height of 50 feet and upward, gets its entire growth in a few weeks. I have heard of prisoners being tied over plants and of these growing through them. For certain offenses prisoners are buried up to their necks, and those who go by them are expected to add a clod to the pile. They do not, I am told, hesitate to do this, and this Chinese civilization, founded upon Buddhsm, Confucianism and so-called literary culture, is productive of such men and such enes. Do you wonder that there is room

for missionaries? FRANK G. CARPENTER.

THE ART OF MEMORY. Ability to Recall Facts Not a Gauge of Man's Mental Capacity.

Certain questions of public interest exhibit a tendency to establish a regular periodic orbit in the process of their discussion. Among these is the problem of memory, and the methods of its cultivation. The savage P. O.? or semi-civilized man has not very great tax upon memory. His arts are simple, and the store of facts which he has to dispose of come well within the limits of his intellectual powers. But as soon as schools are organized, then a novel and unaccustomed task is put upon men. They are called 100,000 a year.

The Commissioner of the Customs at which they have been made familiar by practical experience in an experimental way, but also to retain a host of mere statements concerning which they have no practical experience whatsoever. In demanding this new form of memory, we go apart from the natural method of acquiring informa-tion, and it is no reason for surprise that we find information acquired in this unnatural

way to be of a very fleeting character.

One of the great difficulties in our school system arises from the existing diversity in the method and capacity for remembering which are found in different minds. There is a disposition on the part of schoolmasters to assume that the measure of memory is a fit gauge as to the intellectual powers of the student. A boy or girl who can acquire lessons and repeat their statements in a clear manner is commonly assumed to be abler than another who fails in this power. The studies of Mr. Francis Galton on visualized memory, as well as numerous inquiries into the measure in which distinguished men have the power of romembering a great store of facts, clearly indicate that simple memory is the most imperiect gauge as to the mental capacity of people. Some persons, even those of but moderate intellectual powers, have a capacity for visualizing mat-ters retained in the memory in such a way that they can readily be called to mind in a clear fashion. Other persons, including many who are of great natural power, are entirely destitute of this accomplishment.

THE SHAD IN SEASON.

Poetical Version of the Making of That De-

licious Fish. The fish was delicious, and the two epic

ures relished it to the fullest extent, but he of the pessimistic turn remarked: "Shad always suggests to me the idea that nature was in a hurry when she got to that part of her work, took a lot of excellent material and just pinned it together."
"Ah!" said the optimist, "you can't have seen the poctical version of the matter." Then

"When the angels made shad
The devil was mad,
For it seemed such a feast of delight;
So, to rain the scheme,
He jumped into the stream
And stuck in the bones out of spite.

"When the strawberry red
First illumined its bed
The angels looked down, and were glad,
But the devil, 'tis said,
Fairly pounded his head,
For he'd used all his bones on the shad."

In relieving muscular and nervous dis esses. Salvation Oil can not be over-esti-

## NYE TO WANAMAKER.

He Orders a New Snit and Accidentally Refers to a Postoffice.

HIS KIND REGARDS TO HARRISON.

One Self-Made American Writes Fully and Frankly to Another.

GROVER CLEVELAND AS A HUMORIST

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH, 1 ST. PATRICK'S DAY, IN THE GRAY OF EARLY MORNING. General John Wanamaker, Washington, D. C .: DEAR SIR-I called at your general store in Philadelphia while in your city, in order

ONE SAD MISTARE.

I believe, General, that a man who leads a good Christian life ought not to be jumped on and hooted and trod into the earth just because he has presented a money order at the New York office for payment. We are all liable to make mistakes. I presented a money order once at the New York office, thinking the office would be as eager to pay an order as it was to sell me one, but I was young then and had seen very little of the world. Anybody could fool me with a kind word then. Now I have remittances sent to me by freight inside a joint of gas pipe and I don't have to wait so long. I don't have to wait so long.

My hired man, who mows the lawn and salts the hens at my chalet-by-the-sea, will which I contemplated going into this also want a suit of clothes as the weather gets warmer. I wish you would figure on a suit for him—a suit that will look better than it really is, and cost very little, will do. The cost may be a mere bagatelle. Could you arrange it so that the cost would and chagrined

to learn that you were not at home, but in Washington, D. C. Hence I write to you in regard to the matter, instead of dealing with one of your clerks down at the store. I ordered a suit, if you will remember, ome years ago, when I was postmaster at then, young and poor as I was, I was a shrewd politician and well calculated to Laramie City, Wyo. I was in the departsucceed. We combined three elements in such a way as to bring out not only the full strength of the party, but also to draw some ment there for some time and gave good satisfaction. People write me that they have never experienced such an era of prosperity since the town was laid out as they did when I was at the helm of the postoffice there.

QUITE A SUIT. The suit was a plain business suit, dow-ered with a wild and wealthy profusion of ting their pay unless I was elected.

With these elements we succeeded without the sid of money in purifying the ballot and electing a good man. pockets, many of which I did not at that time really need. It was a cutaway coat with horn buttons and long princess trous-ers of the same, held in place by means of clustic suspenders in pigeou-breast shades, with heliotrope buttons on them. I wore this suit through my entire adminis

tration, also through the places where it came most in contact with foreign substances. I now apply to you once more for a suit that shall be durable and plain, and vet fix the eye of a stranger at once and compel him to say, "There is a thorough gentleman. There is a man worthy of any office within the gift of the Federal Govern-

So if you will be kind enough to send me some samples of your goods, with rules for self measurement, also stating at the same time what, if anything, has been done about the postoffice at New York, you will do me do yourself any harm. That is one thing that I like about me. Nobody ever did me



a favor that he didn't do well out of it before he got through. Have you had any talk vet with the President about the N. Y

My home now is not far from the post-office in New York and I pay taxes there. Writing these pieces does not take all my time and so I had thought that we might help each other perhaps, if you feel that way about it. I could help you to introduce your goods among our best people in New York, with whom I am very thick. TAFFY PROMISED.

I could also say pleasant things about you in the press, and while I would hate to have you think that I would prostitute my wonderful talents by swapping kind words for a postoffice, it would surely do you no harm to add my large influence among the more refined people of New York, to your own wide acquaintance, and I am sure that I can help you to build up a nice trade with our best people in New York, many of whom are already dissatisfied with prices

I would want a plain business suit that would also look well for Sundays. I gener-ally fix up for Sundays, and spend the day in self-communion and silent admiration of my past life. I was a poor boy, Mr. Wana-maker, with large olive green treckles on the back of my neck. I have fought my way up through a wilderness of stumbling blocks, setbacks and drawbacks, Mr. Wanamaker, until to-day you see me beloved and admired by one and all, yet modest and un-assuming as a little dewdrop on the petal of

a pumpkin blossom.

Both of us know what it is, General, to thump along through an adverse and sin-eursed world. I admit that I have made mistakes, but not as a postmaster. I have stepped aside several times from what is called the correct thing in Philadelphia, called the correct thing in Philadelphia, and may possibly do so again, but not officially. I have done things that I am sorry for, but my whole nature seems to demand excitement, and I would frequently sit up till nearly 11 o'clock, frolicking and having fun with people who enjoyed having fun, and who reveled in my sunay smile. But that was after office hours, Mr. Wanamaker. After I had hung the canceling stamp on a nail, after I had checked up the M. O. B., and put mucilage on the second-hand stamps, I would issue forth and give the evening up to the keenest enjoyment, sometimes at the beaubag tourment, or anon at the free reading room, ment, or anon at the free reading room, where I would sometimes meet other people.

But all that is passed now. A GOOD MEMORY. A dark shade of goods with an invisible check in the pocket of the vest, would suit me very well. I wear a tail coat and a very "No. long lithe pant. In postoffice work I dress plainly but neatly. Remember me to the administration, and say that while unusual-ly busy this season, I have not allowed pros-

perity to crowd the administration out of my I was quite sorry not to have seen you when last I was in Philadelphia, for I know that we would have pleased each other. I am a frank, open-faced, self-made man who forgot to order sufficient hair while putting up the job. I am easy to get acquainted with and hard to shake off. You can always have fun with me if you go at it right, John, and yet there are few men who can knock the tar out of a general delivery winhave sung to it!

dow equal to me. I do not allow business cares to weigh on me too heavily. My grocer is generally a more thoughtful and chastened looking man than I am, and yet I can distribute more lower case mail in an hour than anybody you ever saw.

I would also want two pairs of seal brown socks with eight day clocks of some contrasting color. Doubtless the President may have some one in his mind for the New York postoffice, some one who will shine more in society, perhaps, some one who will please the eye more for the moment; but what we want for that position is a pure, good man, who loves the old flag and who Mature Gracefully.

Mature Gracefully.

CHARMS OF YOUNG AND OLD COMPARED

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

years younger or older in a few hours, ac- when that coast was a hive of outlaws. the oddest things in this queer world, this of criminals from runaway slaves to the importance attached to the question of age. | most desperate murderers and robbers. His The first thing we ask about a proposed ac- personality gave him easy command, and The first thing we ask about a proposed acquaintance is: What age is he or she? the wealth at his disposal set him flogged and brought back to intenser slar-The commonest form of social gossip is the telling in confidence of the age of some lady who is older than she appears. The one that the time law was an unknown factor in life. Tradition has preserved in the negroes should feel in sympathy with Garcin; many of them-joined him on Honey Island, where they became freebooters of item mentioned in a burial notice is the age of the deceased, and a very frequent remark when a death is announced is, I wonder if

they will print her age! Another curious point is that dislike or malice always exaggerates the age of its object, and kindly or charitable feeling always minimizes it. It is evident, then, that we all desire for ourselves and our friefids the reputation of youth, and that there is something disparaging and unattractive in speaking of a person as old or even middle aged. Arising from this instinct, no doubt, we have the struggle to appear young so noticeable and so piteous not only in what we call society, but in all classes of the com-

NO LONGER FIFTEEN. clusively, but I am told that your prices are reasonable and your goods all right, also that we can get anything in your place from a tooth brush to a straw ride. Mr. Mac-Veagb told me that you were a general dealer in glass, putty, lingerie, road scrapers, perfumery, hard and soft coal, cut flowers, live stock, neckwear, real estate, gum drops, guano, teething rings, hides and pelts, moxie, seamless burial caskets, marshmallows, curled hair mattresses health mallows, curled hair mattresses health most suitable headgear she could have recommended. She smiled shrewdly and said: "The only other thing she would look at was a bebee bonnet, and that, she concluded, was too old for her. She does not realize that she is no longer 15."

pe participated in.

That little incident made a deep imI wish you could send me a catalogue and pression on me, as throwing a broad light price list and also keep it as quiet as possible, for I would not wish to be discovered by heavy New York dealers in the act of buying my groceries in Philadelphia. More especially would this be the case should I accept the portfolio of the New York postoffice, a position to which I have given no thought whatever, hoping the President would settle on some more available, but perhaps less worthy, man.

perhaps less worthy, man.

Anyway, will you do ma the favor to keep this letter out of the hands of the press, for should it get into the public prints I would never hear the last of it.

The Column of the worth of the public appearance to middle age? Looking about Mr. Cleveland has kindly offered to give me anything within the gift of the Government, but I fear he is chaffing me. What do you think?

Mr. Cleveland has kindly offered to give me to see how these questions were answered by the clder ladies of my acquaintance, I was considerably puzzled to determine which they were. Many of the girls and women, whose ages I happened to know, looked older in both form and figure than We are all quite well at home, barring others whom I suspected to be their seniors, and again I found that many of my ac-

quaintances varied so much from time to time that I had to place them afresh at each

YOUTH'S CHARMS. But after all, what is the charm of youth? Is it physical, simply? Of course, clear eyes and skin, round, firm outlines, and a certain freshness of lips and cheek are very able to write the outline of this story. lovely, but it is by no means all young girls, especially in cities, who possess them. Is it manners? There is nothing sweeter than the half timid yet well trained manner of an ingenuous girl, nothing prettier than her naive deserence to her elders and ready self effacement, but still I must prefer for my own part the gracious tact and quickness that come only by experience, the ready adjustment of any little social awkwardness, the self poise that knows just what to say and do and leave undone, of the mature man or woman. And surely it is not the intellect and conversational powers of youth to which we so lovingly cling. The crude ideas, the impossible theories, the in-nocent conviction of originality while ut-tering the baldest truisms, the misplaced credulity or the sweeping iconoclasm-are these the conditions of mental development

in which we would remain?
What then? For, spite of all my wasted words, spite of the reason one can bring to bear upon the matter, the foolish fact remains, and no doubt will remain, that youth is a possession to be clung to as long possible and feigned as much longer as

La Favette Musser was on our streets But since feigning is useless and long Friday, looking hearty. Lafe rode down from Forty-second street to City Hall on the Elevated train, accompanied by a new hive of bees, which he desired to turn in on subpossession is impossible, why will not those who no longer are young consent to beautily and enrich middle age with its own at-tractions? Why do not those who have out-grown the sailor hats invent and wear scription at Newspaper Row. He had a special car all the way down. Call again, charming bonnets carefully suited to the new conditions? Why does not Miss Chick cease to babble childishly and study to have something to say that will really However, General, I have allowed myself amuse or please or attract the men of her own age, and so leave the boys alone? When shall we say of a friend: "Oh, she is charming. You will like her ever so much, to wander a little. Excuse this long letter and excuse my delay in writing, too, for I just could not do it before and do it as I when shall we say of a second charming. You will like her ever so much, for she is 50 years old, and has all the varied means of making herself agreeable that her years naturally bring. She has seen so much and read so much and thought so much that it is a liberal education to know her." Ah, when?

The expression wanted to. Can I do anything for you in an advertising way? I travel a great deal and meet the best people everywhere. Next year I shall use a stereopticon on the stage, I think, and could work in a little friendly notice on one of these slides—if you thought best. Could also speak of my clothes in upblic and say I got them at your place. So

the tact and the wit to see the question in its true light, and deal with it intelligently, and who has grown old gracefully and wise-

## TE LILY OF ROCHON

A Legend of Bay St. Louis.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH

MAURICE THOMPSON.

CHAPTER VIII. THE LILY PLUCKED FRON ROCHON.

look, and a super He was one of the few born leaders of men sensitive person, especially if she lives in the rush and whirl of a city life, will look ruffians of the southern coast at a time lation in which she now found herself. cording to her environment. It is one of whose swarm was composed of every grade the Bay St. Louis region a quite legible trace of the Rochon regime, and the descendants of the Garcins still dwell in the remote and even now lawless fastnesses of the Garcins still dwell in the remote and even now lawless fastnesses of the Garcins still dwell in the remote and even now lawless fastnesses of the control of the contro Honey Island. As a matter of course there swamp on Bayou Galere), evaded her were many conspiracies against Rochon's power, and Garcin's was, perhaps, the strongest of these in both numbers and character; but like all the rest it failed, as we have seen. Fortunately for Orton, his vieit to the Box St. Towns against Rochon's power, and Garcin's was, perhaps, the purpose which had become the one thought of her life. The tradition of her killing Rochon and of the other acts in the tragedy when the power is to the Box St. Towns against St. Lowis realism. visit to the Bay St. Louis region was just at the culmination of Garcin's mutiny, and owing to the lively imagination of Captain

Vistor be hed been take for Captain

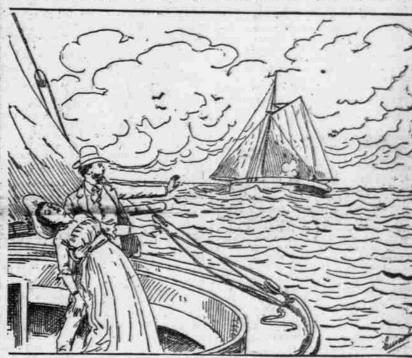
Vistor be hed been take for Captain

Vistor be hed been take for Captain Vistor he had been taken for a Government official in disguise whose mission was to capture old Rochon. Under almost any other circumstance the young man would have come to grief soon after his arrival at

solitude and lawlessness to the sweet, tame comforts of the highest civilization. It now seemed very strange to him that Felicie AYS the proverb: "A woman is as old as she looks and a man is as young as he feels," but like many other widely accepted "glittering generalities," it will not walk on all fours. For even a girl of 15 may have an old look and a woman of 50 may have a young look, and a super-

The Rochon slaves began to disappear, betaking themselves to freedom and the woods. There was no one now to follow them with gun and blood-hounds scurrying after them and hurrying them through

Rochon place would be accomplished by Garcin and his coadjutors. Indeed, it had Bayou Gallere. As it was, we have seen come to Orton's ear, and he feit the force of how apparently the merest turn of chance it, that Garcin now thought Orton's mis-bore him through alive. It is from a part



A SENTIMENTAL BATTLE.

of his journal and from a few letters writ- had been for his own destruction, and that ten by him to his father that I have been in fact the young artist had treacherously connived at Rochon's murderous raid upon

to realize the situation in which Rochon's death left Orton and Mile, Felicie. On one hand there was a certain sort of relief in knowing that the huge, fiery-tempered, rough and roaring old lord of the place was no more; but on the other hand with Rochon dead there was no protection against the

lawless men of the region.

Orton had contracted with Captain Victor to return for him, but as we know, Victor could never return, for, along with Zozo, he lay at the bottom of the lake.

Through trusted servants of the household

it soon became known that danger to
Rochon place was brewing in the neighborhood. Orton was quite powerful to reach
the people who could have controlled the
movement and he was practically without
means of defence having but a few means of the few means of th movement and he was practically without means of defence, having but a few men, mostly negro slaves, to depend upon for as-

sistance in any emergency. a sense of the dreadful danger it boded to Felicie. He and Felicie were standing at Felicie. He and Felicie were standing at the window, a place which since their betrothal had become very dear to them, and for the moment had quite forgotten the threatening aspect of their surroundings. They had been quietly planning to set sail for New Orleans with the first favorable breeze; but just now they were exchanging those light, sweet phrases known to lovers since the beginning. By the merest chance Orton's eye discovered a lurking form and a leveled gun just in time to thrust Felicie rudely aside. The bullet sang through the window, outting the space filled a second before by the warm breast of the girl. It was a narrow escape from certain death, for the aim of Lalie Garcin had been steady and true.

They embarked at midnight, just as the moon, a heavy silver crescent, had out through a bank of seudding gray clouds. Their little sloop already had her canvaa up, and, although the wind was not favorable, they hoped to make their way out of the bay before daylight.

Rocking idly on the water near by lay the little white sailboat which had attracted Orton's attention on the day of his arrival. The yellow stern-board with its delicate live gleamed brightly under the moon's rays. It was a beautiful vessel, graceful in lines as a swan, riding the bubbling waves with a lightness that foresaid the speed with which it could sail. This boat had been Felicie's own, and to her it was as dear as if it had been endowed with life and with the

How to grow old.

An contraire, I once asked an Englishman if he did not think a certain lady of about 30 years old very pretty.

"Pretty! Why, she's as gray as a badger," replied he, referring to the few threads of ailver that gave piquancy to her fresh, bright face.

"The contraint of the family of a such intense and faming passion, of such dark and merciless hatred, that it impressed him with the suddenness and power of a blood-curdling revelation.

"Exam that moment there was not a point.

"The lovers stood upon deck watching the familiar landscape upon shore fail slowly to make the correction of the familiar landscape upon shore fail slowly to make the familiar landscape upon shore fail slowly to make the familiar landscape upon shore fail slowly to make the familiar landscape upon shore fail slowly to make the family. The expression of her face he could never forget as she glared at Felicie through the sight of that it was the little sailboat and not Mile. Rochon that had read title to the name of The Lily of Rochon. In truth he had found out that nearly everything that Victor had told him was merest fiction woven out of the plenting the familiar landscape upon shore fail slowly the supplement of the could have a she glared at Felicie through the sight of that it was the little sailboat and not Mile. Rochon that had read title to the name of The Lily of Rochon. In truth he had found out that nearly everything that Victor had told him was merest fiction woven out of the plenting that the family. The expression of the family o

those who enjoy it. For there is a ripened sweetness in such a life, a calm acceptance of those evils or sorrows against which we younger ones struggle so wildly and so hopelessly; a peace passing understanding, that like an attar diffuses itself on every side; experience, wisdom and judgment, that only long years ending in quiet thoughtfulness can give side; experience, wisdom and judgment, that only long years ending in quiet thoughtfulness can give.

Have you such a mother or such a grandmother? Make much of her, love her, tell her that you love her, cherish her at once reverently and tenderly, let every day that passes add to the store of happy memories laid by for the time when her chair shall be vacant, her dear, tremulous hand forever still and her voice forever hushed. And remember as your own years pile themselves one upon another that they are building the monument whereby in time to come those who come after will remember you, and let them not say as they turn from it cith a pitying smile, She did not realize that she was no longer 15.

Out the felt the insecurity of depending in the such an emergency. Dreadful, indeed, became the isolation and remotences of Bay St. Louis now. The romance was all gone, and in its stead the protestations and prevaisions of the fraithful maid-servants beside her. "Come below, Felicie, "whispered Orton; "you will be much in the way of the sailors here, and they need all the deck room they ean get."

She and her maids followed him down into the cramped little hole called the languagestive of the great distance between the solitary mansion and any center of safe, wholesome human society. Never before had one that they are building the monument whereby in time to come those who come after will remember you, and let them not say as they turn from it cith a pitying smile, She did not realize that she was no longer 15.

MRS. FRANK LESLIE.

MRS. FRANK LESLIE.

No stretch of the imagination is required his premises. Such a condition of things left Orton no alternative but flight, and even this would be attended by extreme dangers. Anything, however, was prefer-able to the awful suspense, doubt and dread that hung about the place; it was as if an

invisible and invulnerable for were behind every tuft of palmetto or veiled by every festoon of Spanish moss in all the forest. Felicie Rochon had been reared in the midst of startling incidents and lawless pro-ceedings, but she had seen very little of the worst features of the life around her, nor had she ever before felt the presence of real danger to herself. At first she was dazed Orton's temple, as they were walking through an open hall, that she became quits willing to sail for New Orleans and leave behind her forever the dreary, shady, bird-A thing happened (soon after Rochon's behind her forever the dreary, shady, bird-death) which almost drove Orton mad with | haunted and bloom-covered old home by the

They embarked at midnight, just as the

it had been endowed with life and with the power to return her affection. As the sloop's sail began to draw and the vessel to move slowly away, the girl stretched forth her hands over the gunwale as if to take the

away from them. It would seem scarcely reasonable that, at such a moment and under such a stress of circumstances, Mile. Rochon could regret leaving the place; but the reader must not forget that home, no matter how isolated or how different from any other, has about it the endearing imagination of sacredness. Felicie wept, despite

ination of sacredness. Felicie wept, despite the protestations and persuasions of the faithful maid-servants beside her. "Come below, Felicie," whispered Orton;